MY WILDERNESS FRIENDS

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My Wilderness

. . . Friends . . .

By

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Quequechan Fish and Game Club

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1910

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO HAVE
ENJOYED WITH ME THE TRIPS
AND WOODLAND LIFE TO WHICH
THE FOLLOWING PAGES REFER.—

TEMISCOUATA LAKE
TOULEDI LAKES
MUD LAKE
BIG SQUATTICK
SUGAR
EAGLE
HORTON

Chapter I

MENUCK, THE ACADIAN

It is many years since I made my first trip into the Canadian woods. A college friend from Fredericton, N. B., who had heard attractive stories concerning the fishing on the upper tributaries of the St. John river, in the Province of Quebec, surprised me by announcing that he had prepared plans for a few days' outing, and by commanding me to join the party and to anticipate plenty of good fishing. I accordingly made hurried preparations, and on meeting him at Edmundston, N. B., found that ours was to be a party of three. As we were all supposed to be unaccustomed to camp life, friend LaForest had selected our guides, and Milton Dayton had assisted in assembling the supplies; so that our start was not delayed.

Thus it happened that I met my first Canadian guide, "Menuck", the Acadian*. Menuck

*Many of those who, in the olden time, fled from the devastation of the land of Evangeline, settled along the upper waters of the St. John river. Menuck was a direct descendant of one of these.

was not a modern sportsman's guide; he had not even been in the habit of camping with modern appliances; yet he was a trapper of experience, knew every foot of the country we were to visit, could handle a pirogue* with the best, and, more than all, never attempted a feat which was in the least hazardous,—so that although our beds were not as soft as boughs could make them, and though he would persistently fail to provide for our comfort other of the simple luxuries which the woods afford, our trip became memorable for the things successfully accomplished.

Menuck did not know much about modern cooking, either; but Charley, his assistant, could cook. In fact, when he was away from the temptations of the settlement, Charley was much more than a cook, for hadn't he carried the tape through this whole country for the surveyor who first mapped it, and didn't he know each mile tree, and the direction and distance from each other of the lakes and streams which we visited!

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*A long, narrow boat, the hull of which has been hewn or fashioned from a large log.

Our outfit consisted of two pirogues, a small tent, a sail used by the guides for their "lean-to", a camera, and provisions enough for five men for ten days. As it was to be a fishing trip only, we had no fire arms large enough for big game,—in fact, we had not thought of big game when we landed in Edmundston.

At the time of which I write little lumbering had been done in the region we were visiting, and even where the lakes and streams had been used for that purpose, it had not been found necessary to erect dams or to provide for the artificial storage of water. On that account the water-courses did not present that barren appearance which is so characteristic of Maine lakes and rivers.

It is said that the raising of water in the lakes brings additional food and provides additional places of retreat for the fish, and that it thus causes better fishing—but it spoils the scenery. Water-courses lined with dead trees and decaying stumps are not to be compared with the lakes and rivers which we were visiting; for these had their lining of green underbrush, and for the most part their undulating banks were well covered with spruce, fir, ash, and birch.

Such a stream was the Madawaska, as we paddled and poled along its banks on the beautiful summer day with which our outing began.

In places the country was hilly, almost mountainous, and then again there were modest farms and cultivated fields along the banks. The river itself, though generally sluggish, often led us to moderate rapids. How quickly the musical murmuring of such rapids and the restful responsive motion of the canoe will make one forget the strife of city life, and count his year from the day when his last outing has ended, or when his next outing is to begin.

We passed the priest of a neighboring parish as he was alluring speckled beauties from beneath the overhanging bushes; he seemed to know each spot where they were accustomed to lurk, and handled his rod with that marvelous skill which shows devotion to the art. Then we passed a clearing, saw children standing knee-deep in the water, and found them successful in providing the supper for the neighboring farm while their parents and elder brothers were working in the fields.

THE MADAWASKA

Such fields of buckwheat! Such a supply of wild strawberries and raspberries on every hillock! Such a quantity of trout in the river itself! The trout we catch seem to be small, smaller even than those the priest is selecting, yet they are just the right size for the frying-pan.

The next day we have left farms and fields behind; we have entered the endless wilderness. We break camp early; in fact, we find the ground rather hard, and are glad to rise. I remember well the hard-wood grove on the border of a beautiful lake where this first camp was laid. Our tent faced the lake, and the guides' "lean-to" (a sail thrown over the canoe poles) was near by, while across the lake in the distance could be seen the last settlement, and there on a commanding height, a church towering above the surrounding houses. Its bells pealed forth the summons to early mass, just as we were breakfasting.

Our course was up a winding stream, which was alternately lashed into foam in its steep and rocky bed, and lulled to sleep in large and shady pools. Sometimes for a long distance

the pools lengthened into a wide, deep and sluggish stream, and it was while passing through such a stretch of dead water, above the fourth rapid, that we came upon a bear swimming across. We shot at him before he saw us, and he was so bewildered at the apparition that though he was about to climb onto the bank he turned and made for the canoe. He was only a yearling, and I fear that the bullets from our small firearms made little impression upon him, for he reached the canoe without changing his course, and succumbed only when he was tapped upon the head with Menuck's axe. As I was the guest on this trip, and had actually wounded the animal with my revolver, the pelt was allotted to me and was made into a small rug which still adorns a room in my home.

We saw four more bears during the seven days we were in the wilderness, but we shot at only two of them, and if ever we wounded another we never knew it. We were not "loaded for bear" on this trip. It seems that the opportunity presented us was exceptional, for that year the water was very low, and for that or some other reason great numbers of

white-fish had died and were to be found along the banks. This accounted for the presence of the bears,—they seem to know by instinct just when and where their favorite food awaits them.

Our destination was the "jam", and we arrived there in the afternoon of the following day. This jam consisted of a double jam of logs at a bend in the north or "Horton" branch about twenty miles from our first camp. Each jam was perhaps a hundred feet wide and two or three times as long, and the logs were whole trees, some decayed and some sound, the accumulation of many years; for this was the virgin forest, and no lumberman's axe had ever felled a tree there. The trout loved to lie under the logs or at the outlet of a little brook which emptied just above the upper jam, and we portaged a canoe and enjoyed two days of recreation in this sportsmen's paradise. Ranging in weight from one to three pounds, these trout seemed stronger and more alert than those of warmer waters; their color appeared more marked, and their ivory-tipped fins whiter than those we had previously captured. I had the pleasure of land-

ing the largest and third largest fish of the trip at one cast during the second day's fishing. This pair I had disturbed as they were lying at the outlet of the brook, and as they started for the jam I cast beyond them and each took a fly. The larger weighed four pounds and a half.

After leaving the jam we made a two days' diversion to Sugar Loaf lake, a beautiful sheet of water nestling close under Sugar Loaf mountain, and only a few miles out of our direct course of travel. In this lake one expects to find fishing at any season of the year, but we found the water too low for the best results. We camped near a balsam-fir grove, where a brook from the mountain empties into the lake. The landscape was varied. Opposite the camp an island with abrupt shores and wooded top attracted the eye, while to the left lay the lowlands with their tall grasses and the water plants on which the moose so delights to feed, while to the right rose thickly wooded ridges. From among the grasses we could hear at sunset the quack of the black duck, and from the lake would come the call of the lonely loon.

Here we enjoyed perfect rest, and reluctantly started for home.

On the way out my friend got a deer: she was feeding on a point which jutted well out into the river, and by taking advantage of a favoring breeze and a still more favoring curve in the river she was approached so closely that even the partridge rifle-ball was immediately fatal. One soon tires of "pig" and fish, if they are the sole diet, and even a bear steak isn't the best thing on earth; so the venison filled our one want and made our trip complete.

We returned to Edmundston, fifty miles, in two days, and without taking the canoes from the water.

One day Menuck (that was only his nickname) and I were passing along the shores of a wilderness pond, when he called my attention to a dead tree, to claw-marks on it four or five feet from the base of the portion which was still standing, and to scratches and splinters on the decayed part which had fallen. "Those", said he, "are bear signs: a bear of some considerable size coming out from his

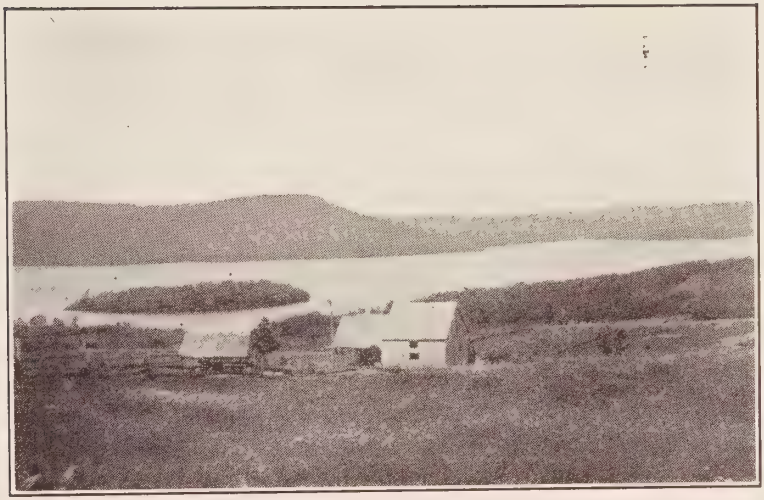
winter's sleep has stretched himself along that tree, and then, feeling the pangs of hunger, has torn the log to pieces in search for the ants which made it their home."

I had never hunted bears, so I asked him to tell me more about them, and to recount some of his experiences.

"Bears", said he, "are not ordinarily a menance to the trapper or the hunter in this country. Except when they are wounded (at which times a bear's anger may get control of his usual better judgment) or when the female considers that her cubs are in danger, they will not attack a man,—but that doesn't mean that they are never dangerous".

"Once", said he, "I landed in the long grasses on the east side of Spider lake there, and went up the cold brook for water, when a bear rushed upon me without even a warning growl, and so suddenly that I had scarcely time to push out into the lake,—for she thought I had landed to steal her cubs, which I could hear scampering away as she made her onward rush.

"But I had a closer call than that on account of a bear which had just come out of his



LAKE TEMISCOUATA

winter's sleep,—the same as this one had. 'Twas early spring, and I was making my last round of the traps, which that year had extended from Sugar Loaf lake over through the little pond behind the mountain, and then over beyond Horton lake, its inlet brook and the small pond from which it comes, into the Restigouche country, and back again through the Green river region. I used to make the round every week,—and even if the work was dreary I had had good luck all winter. There had been plenty of snow, in fact it had been a winter of unusual severity, and spring had come late. On my previous round I had brought most of my provisions and a part of my furs to the Sugar Loaf camp, at the end of the trail opposite the island, but the weather continuing cold I had left the traps set, resolving to make one more round.

"I had got perhaps halfway around on this last trip when the thaw came; my progress became slow, and by the time I reached Horton lake, with twelve miles yet to go, my food supply was exhausted. That lake was a mass of slush; my snowshoes, strung with moosehide became slack (that's why I insist on

well-strung caribou-hide now), my feet were blistered and the water-soaked snow clung to each shoe, weighing me down like a criminal with chain and ball, yet I managed to cross over to the hard-wood ridge on the west side, and to reach the Horton end of the trail by nightfall. Then I built my fire in front of the bark lean-to, dried my socks, drank my last cup of tea, and fell asleep.

" 'Twas yet nighttime when I awoke, but the moon still gave a meagre light and I started at once across the trail for the Sugar Loaf camp and breakfast. Daylight came, then the sun, and soon the snow was softer than ever. For a while the snowshoes bore me up—then I began to sink in more and more till I was obliged to seek and travel along the ridges and later to discard the snowshoes altogether.

"It was sunset when I came within sight, or rather within hearing of this last camp, and heard the strangest of noises,—the falling of tin dishes, and the clatter of falling boxes. I peeked through the underbrush and saw that a bear equally as hungry as myself, who had been aroused from his long winter's sleep by

the same thaw that had caused me so much delay, was in complete possession of the little log hut to which I had looked forward as to home; my provisions were scattered around, either going or gone,—and it looked as though I must eat the bear or nothing.''

Menuck had paused in his story, and I had to make inquiries before the sequel was forthcoming. He had no firearms—trappers seldom carry any,—he just tapped that bear on the head with his axe, as he did the little one.

The danger of the incident to him was because of his loss of provisions; for there were very few left, and he had to do a little trapping during the following ten days, until so much of the ice had gone from the lake that he could cross and reach the settlement.

Chapter II

JOE, THE HALF-BREED

From Griffin's farm, about a dozen miles up the Madawaska from Edmundston, one may make a three-mile portage into Mud lake, and thence, without taking his canoe from the water, make a down-stream run of fully sixty-five miles and either take the canoe out again at Griffin's or continue on to Edmundston and the St. John river.

I resolved to take this trip for my second Canadian outing, and the Fall after the trip narrated in the foregoing chapter, found me at Griffin's with two lawyer friends as companions, with Menuck as guide, and with Charley and a half-breed, named Joe, as assistants.

Canoes are hauled over Griffin's portage on logs cut about the length of the canoe. Two logs are lashed together, holes bored into them, and stakes so inserted that the whole forms a cradle. The canoes are then placed in the

cradle and loaded, and a horse hauls each load.

While the horses were being caught and forded, the cradles made, and the baggage carried over, sorted and distributed, we fished at the mouth of a small brook which there empties into the Madawaska, and caught forty-five small trout from a single pool. They seemed to tumble over each other in their eagerness to reach the flies, and though it was midday, "doubles" were not uncommon. We considered the fishing all the more remarkable from the fact that the brook ran through Griffin's door-yard, and the pool was on that account frequently fished.

After dinner we made the carry, and the horses left us in ample time to eat their supper at home. The portage, though uphill most of the way and steep at times, was well beaten and free from underbrush. Halfway over we passed an old lumber camp, partly fallen to decay, but still affording shelter to the trappers who frequent this region in the winter and spring. The preceding spring a bear-trapper had occupied it, and soon we passed a dead-fall which he had left unsprung.

When a trapper is able to make daily visits to his traps he much prefers dead-falls to steel traps, for the reason that then the animal caught will not injure its fur in attempting to get clear. But when visits to the traps are infrequent steel traps must be used, so that the animal will remain alive; for otherwise the meat would become tainted and the hide valueless.

We camped in a spruce grove, on high ground overlooking Mud lake,—a lake well named, with muddy bottom and shores, extremely shallow, and about half a mile in diameter. Across its outlet was a dam, which an enterprising family of beavers repaired as often as it was broken through. We had depended on this dam because we had wished to break it and let out the accumulated waters of the lake in order to make easier our descent of Beardsley brook; but fortune was against us, and we had little assistance from this source, as the last break had not yet been fully repaired.

Our second day was to be the hardest of the trip, and we made an early start. I was assigned to bring up the rear in Joe's canoe.

Joe was a ludicrous combination of the elements; he viewed each incident of the trip from the humorous side, or, at least, made us do so, and from the first day his witticisms became an essential part of our day's enjoyment. His knowledge of English was confined to monosyllables, and many of these were oaths the meaning of which he did not understand; his French and Indian speech was as mixed as the blood which flowed in his veins, and if he added an English word it usually went into the wrong place. He saw the ludicrous in each turn of the river, each splash of the mink or musquash, and each flight of the duck or goose. What caused him most amusement was a young Arctic owl, which was hardly old enough to fly, yet was very large; Joe wanted him to "stuff", and borrowed my rifle for a shot. He made a clean miss, but he stunned the bird and was nimble enough to catch him before he "came to". Joe placed the owl under the seat of his canoe and when Master Owl, reviving, proceeded to make a meal of Joe's clothing and limbs as far as either were within reach, Joe's remarks, unintelligible oaths and grim-

aces concerning the "———*hibou*" kept our party in such continuous uproar that for the remainder of the day no hunting was possible. The next day Joe boxed the "hibou", and carried him securely caged during the balance of the trip. At Edmundston he sold the bird for the fabulous sum of five dollars.

But even Joe could not find anything funny about Beardsley brook: the lake was hardly deep enough to float the canoe and the brook was even worse. It seemed to be composed alternately of deep, dark and dangerous pools and of smooth and slippery stones; you would haul your canoe off one rock only to dash it against another, and Joe had to make frequent repairs during the five and a half hours in which we traveled five and a half miles to our lunching ground. Here the canoes were hauled up for general repairs, for there was plenty of water ahead. We had, however, one and a half miles more of Beardsley brook, and though the going was better for the boats it was hardly better for us, as the alders, which were bad enough before, now became utterly impenetrable. We were forced to lie down in the canoes and press the alders

A SQUATTICK CAMP

up and the canoes down, and thus drift slowly in the current.

Suddenly we shot out into the Squattick river, and our troubles were at an end. The Squattick is here a narrow, beautiful, and moderately rapid river, crystal-like in its clearness and spring-like in its coolness. Here is a home of the otter and mink, and the shallow pools, called bogans, opening from the stream on either side are full of the grasses and roots on which the deer and the moose delight to feed. Shortly we heard a whistle of alarm and then a wild rush, as a family of deer, scenting us from afar, bounded away. Then we came upon a loon that sounding his cries of alarm insisted on preceding the canoe at such a distance and in such a manner that hope of seeing game was necessarily abandoned; so we turned our attention to the loon, and after a couple of misses the leading canoeman made a long and remarkably accurate shot and the bird became a "stowaway". Quiet reigned after that, but we were even then nearing Big Squattick lake, and we camped at the inlet four miles below the outlet of Beardsley brook.

It had been a hard day, and my boughs were too inviting for me to return to the inlet for an evening hunt, even though the guides urged, and reported fresh moose signs. I am still regretting that choice, for the moose was there, a small bull, and the canoe which did return made out his dark form in the twilight, and though he was partly concealed in the bushes and they had only one shot, they brought him back to the camp.

Squattick lake is ten miles long and from one to two miles wide. At the inlet, yet quite well out into the lake, where the lily-pads and the shallow water have ended and the deep water of the lake has begun, can be had good fishing at any season of the year. At this same spot year after year the large trout rise to the fly. At the outlet, where a cold brook empties into the lake, smaller trout abound, and good fishing is often had in the outlet itself. At places the shores of this lake are as pebbly and sandy as those of the ocean. Here, too, in the late fall, great numbers of whitefish are netted. We saw the traps. The outlet is so closely staked and filled in with bushes that, to the fish attempting to pass from

the lake into the river below only a narrow space is left open, and there they either are trapped and taken from the traps in nets, or else are netted by hand as they go through.

We pitched our third camp at the outlet,our party having divided on the run down so that each shore could be explored and all its beauties discovered. We went slowly, using the whole day on the trip, but we saw only two deer. They were resting on the shore and bounded away at our approach. The camping place we had selected turned out to be an uncomfortable one, for a strong breeze blew down the lake and we slept very cold,—then, too, the game disturbed us. I was aroused from my sleep to see Menuck grab my rifle and make for the thicket. Either a bear had approached our food supply and become alarmed at the campfire,or other game had unexpectedly stumbled upon our tents. Menuck thought it was a bear, but in the morning we could find no signs. It may have been the panther which another writer reports to have created such havoc in this spot.*

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* Roberts, in "Around the Camp-fire".

Our third day's trip was down the Squattick river eleven miles, and mostly in rapid water, to Sugar Loaf lake. One mile down we passed the spawning beds, and half way down we passed the "rapide croche" or crooked rapid, which is at certain seasons of the year very dangerous. Just above this rapid a spring bursts forth from the bowels of the earth. It is at least six inches in diameter at its source, which is less than a hundred yards from the river, and where it empties into the river the large trout have their summer home. Near to this rapid is also a large shallow pool or bogan, and hardly twenty yards away as we shot by its outlet a deer was nibbling buds from the bushes. He bounded away in an instant, but not until the leading canoe had scored a clean miss.

We scared up countless ducks. The shell-drakes would half swim and half fly out of sight of the first canoe, and hide under a friendly bush until it had passed. Then they would hurry upstream, only to run into the second canoe and to repeat their game of "hide and seek". The black ducks would at once take wing. I have seen but few wood ducks

in this country, yet occasionally they will come at twilight into some small pond, where you can pen them up in one end until you get a shot. Often they will then rise and fly to the other end of the pond, and can be followed indefinitely if you do not get too near. Shelldrakes are not bad eating when properly cooked, and I think the common prejudice against their meat, as well as against that of the spruce partridge, is unwarranted. Both are palatable if parboiled in water to which charcoal (always very plentiful about camps) or an onion is added; and even this is not necessary in the fall, so far as the young spruce partridges are concerned.

Entering Sugar Loaf lake, we disturbed a bear occupied in investigating the leavings of the party which last tented at the old camp ground opposite the island. He discovered us first, and we saw only the dim outline of his figure fading away into the bushes. It was late, and we did not attempt to follow, for we had our tent to pitch and our beds to prepare at the foot of the mountain, in the balsam-fir grove on the shore of this most beautiful of inland lakes.

Hunters and fishermen visiting this lake often become so enchanted with its beauties that they prefer to tarry and enjoy the moderate sport which it offers, rather than proceed further to other lakes which offer better fishing and more game; but we determined to push on and to visit Eagle lake.

The waters of Eagle lake empty into the dead river at the "Forks", so-called, about six miles below the outlet of Sugar Loaf. It is rapid water from the Forks to Eagle lake, but the downstream country is so level that when the water is raised artificially at the "Falls" which form the outlet of the Touledi, it sets back into Sugar Loaf lake twenty miles away.

We reached the Forks without incident and continued for some distance on the North or Horton branch, intending to camp near the "jam" for the night. As we were on waters with which I was more or less familiar from my previous trip I was in the lead, and, as a storm was threatening I passed by several pools in which trout were certain to be found, hoping thus to get the party to camp before the storm set in. I learned afterwards that

the guides in the other canoes shared my purpose, but that my friends, noticing the pools, insisted on fishing there, and were so successful that they delayed until the storm burst upon them. Meanwhile I had gone along to within a few hundred yards of the proposed camp. There I found the stream completely blocked by a very large tree which had fallen completely across it. Desiring to assist and be assisted in the carry, I had halted for the others to come up, and was fishing in a likely pool near at hand when the storm overtook me. Everything except the matches was soaked, and although we landed forty-seven trout between us, we had to camp in the tall wet grass which had overgrown the camping ground, and to dry every article in our kit before the camp fire.

We accomplished the trip from our "storm camp", up the Eagle river to Eagle lake, in one day. Emptying into the little river up which we poled and paddled, I counted no fewer than twenty rivulets, all of sparkling spring water. The banks were sharp cut and from two to eight or ten feet high with a lining of bushes, while the river bottom was free

from rocks. The water itself, though rapid in places, was not sufficiently so to require the use of the pole,and all the streams were fairly alive with trout.

We found that nobody had passed up this stream since the winter's storms and the spring freshets had closed it to navigation, and we had literally to cut our way along. This made it impossible to hunt from the canoes, but we saw plenty of fresh signs, and we also saw one or two deer as we approached our camping place in the lake.

Our plan was to hunt from the lake mornings and evenings until one or more of our party got big game, and for that purpose to divide the lake into sections so that each canoe would be by itself. We proposed also to do some fishing on the streams during the day, and to visit the "falls" up a small stream which is called Little St. John river.

Apparently the chances were excellent, but our good hope was to have a sad and sudden set-back. The following morning, while we were at breakfast, a great commotion was heard on the shores of the lake. Joe said it was game, so we all grabbed our rifles and

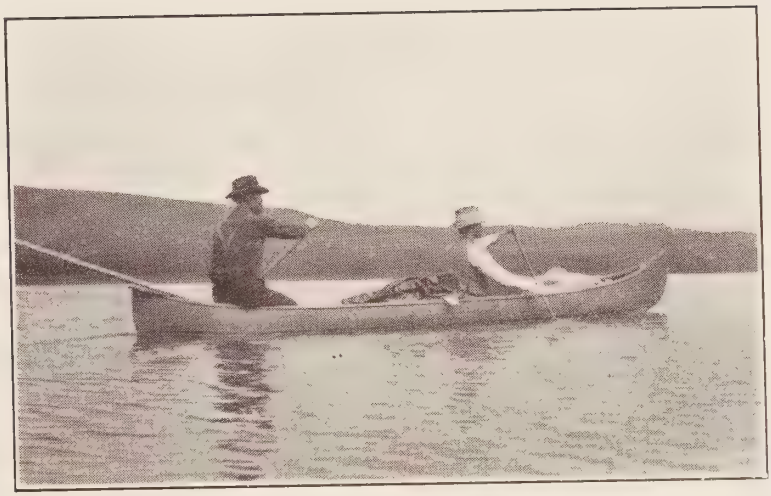
making for the shore jumped into a pirogue which was lying there with its nose up on the beach. We had just lined up, three in a row, when a caribou rounded a point dead ahead and not fifty yards away,—he was in full gallop and coming toward us. Two of us fired, and he turned. Two of us fired again and he was out of sight, unscathed. It was one of those inexcusable misses that it is hard to account for : someone suggested that the pirogue was unsteady, someone else suggested that we couldn't shoot ; but Joe ended the dispute by informing us that we had taken the wrong weapons,—that we ought to have taken stones. It was clear that one of my friends had taken the wrong weapon, for on reaching the canoe he discovered that he had neglected to load his rifle.

That evening I shot a deer from the lake, getting within a hundred yards of him. Although shot through both heart and lungs, he ran fully twenty yards before falling. Joe insisted that whether big game will drop at once or run after being shot in this way, depends upon whether the lungs are filled with air at the time the wound is received, and that

if they are so filled it will run until that breath is expelled.

Next day we followed a moose that came down to the shore of the lake opposite our camp, but were unable to locate him. We sighted seven more deer, but none of them had a desirable head and there was meat enough in camp; so we did not shoot. We fished the brooks sufficiently to keep a good supply of trout on hand, until our time became short and we were obliged to turn homeward.

We made the trip out in two days, stopping overnight at the "Touledi" falls. The first day, at the narrows between the two Touledi lakes, we saw a moose. The second day we passed on Lake Temiscouata, in a vain endeavor to locate the spots in which the fish were lying. As the fish were located on later trips the wonders of this lake were not then as apparent as they afterwards became; moreover the guides we had were not as thoroughly acquainted with that lake as they were with the country in the interior, over which they had trapped and hunted from boyhood.



ON TOULEDI LAKE

When we hired Joe it was with the distinct understanding that he would be landed back in Edmundston on the day which followed our eventless day on the big lake, and in order to keep our promise we were obliged to send the canoes back by rail.

I decided to accompany him, for Joe had given me a glowing account of the grand event of the year—the annual fair or horse race,—which was to take place on the following day.

Edmundston of fifteen years ago was very different from the Edmundston of today. Mine host Felix Hebert, fat and genial, one of the last of the tavern-keepers of a period when a jolly hostelry and the reputation of good fellowship were of more satisfaction to the proprietor than a few extra shekels, was in his prime. The place was crowded—hotels and lodging houses alike—yet Felix could find room for one more, even if he slept on a bench, and he was seemingly glad to welcome the latest arrival who made such a resting place necessary for him.

I don't believe he expected to sleep much anyway, for the inrush of strangers had

made his bar a busy place; and there was great excitement there, as the townspeople called to register with the strangers, their bets on the horse from Grand Falls or the one from Caribou, or on the mysterious horse said to be from Fredericton about which there were many murmurings of wonderful speed. All the bets were covered—it was only a question of odds.

On the following day the town was in holiday attire, the pretty French girls were in their gaudiest gowns, a merry-go-round was in full swing, and there was pink lemonade, peanuts, and everything that would be in demand when "John and Sally" from the outposts, should arrive in town for their holiday.

Of course there was a "ringer"—that was what the horse race was for; and a mare, said at first to be from some Yankee settlement in Maine but entered from Woodstock, with all kinds of odds against her, was an easy winner.

Then followed a horse-trading bee—when every sport in the town felt obliged to trade his horse for some one he knew less about. If a native could not say that the horse he

was driving had done a mile in so-and-so, and was bought of such-and-such a reputable dealer on the "fair day", he was not considered a first-class sport. But he was a made man when he could drive his best girl along the town road, between crowds of wise and admiring citizens who lined the sidewalks, in a new or changed rig,—could see them closely watching every move, and know that they must be figuring out his wonderful prosperity and how he could have paid such-or-such imaginary "boot" or own such a fine stepper. They sold the winning horse to the highest bidder and he was the worst stuck young man of the lot.

At night there was a dance in the town-hall, the most attractive feature of which seemed to be a bevy of girls from Grand Falls who had taken possession of Babin's Hotel.

Two fiddlers furnished music, a huge bass voice called the turns (in French and English), and the masses swung to and fro—the belle from Grand Falls reigning supreme—till a late hour. Then there was a halt, and calls were made for a "clog" solo. I didn't understand what it was all about until a slim, demure

young girl stepped gracefully forward and all hands began to clap in unison as she began her pretty steps. Then it was plainly to be seen that she was the real heroine, and that everything there was hers for the asking.

After that the "show" was over, and next day there wasn't enough money being spent in Edmundston to turn the merry-go-round. The citizens had gone home, to earn the funds which would enable them to enjoy the fair the Yankee fakirs would be expected to furnish in another year.

THE WINDING LEDGES

Chapter III

PETE, THE POACHER

The period between my second and third Canadian trips was utilized by my associates in constructing a club-house on a preserve of about one hundred and fifty acres which we had purchased. This preserve is on the shore of Lake Temiscouata, at a point nearly halfway between the village of Notre Dame and the Touledi river. The house was on a ledge, with the waters of the lake on three sides, so we called it "The Winding Ledges". It was from there that my first trip with "Pete" began.

Pete was one of the younger guides; in fact his guiding began at the moment he first took me into his canoe, and at the same moment he took his first lesson in English. Too lazy to work on the farm, the outdoor life, the hunting life, the life on the lake, exactly suited him; so that ever since he had been strong enough to pole his canoe up the rapids he had

spent most of his time, summer and winter, in lone trips into the wilderness.

I took Pete for several reasons. The best guides happened to be already in the woods. Pete had the best canoe in the settlement (his sole possession), and had the reputation of getting game for himself; so I argued that it would be advisable to "try him out".

This trip lasted five days, and was principally a trip of exploration, as it was "close" season. The first day we traveled seven miles, and camped and fished at the "Falls", where we caught in all sixty square-tail trout, weighing between three-fourths of a pound and one and one-half pounds each. We did not have the benefit of the early morning fishing, which is the best of the day. I have seen Milton Dayton take from this pool in a single morning's fishing as many as we took in all, and fifteen of them weighed between two and four pounds.

The second day we camped on the south side of Touledi lake near the "Three Sisters" islands, and planned a trip to two small ponds lying half way over toward Sugar Loaf lake; which lake, though fully eighteen miles from

the "Three Sisters" by water, is hardly five miles distant by the cross-country trail.

Although Pete and I started on this trip alone, a friend joined me for this carry. We took along our blankets and food sufficient for two meals, and being over-anxious to travel "light", we forgot our rods. "Pete" managed to catch from the outlet stream of the lower pond a couple of trout for our supper, using an old hook and some "bugs".

After supper it began to rain. We had no tent, and our rubber blankets furnished very incomplete shelter. Never was a night so long, first a few drops would trickle down, then a little stream, and long before morning we were drenched.

When the first light came we took just a glance at the little ponds, and then started back over the trail for our tents. Those who have followed an old trail, through swamps, over fallen trees, through brush and briars, know how long it takes to travel a mile. A mile an hour is good going on such a trail, and that was all we could do. When we arrived at camp we were a disappointed and discouraged lot. The bitter and the sweet

encounter us in all the walks of life, but somehow it seems as though the tribulations of the trail leave no sting. I was always anxious to return to those pretty little interior ponds, and at a later time, with another guide, I got a moose there. I call them "Fraser Lakes".

On the way out, while we were taking lunch at the Falls, a large bull moose came out of the woods onto the opposite shore. It was a six-year-old, and we paddled up to within fifty or sixty feet of him, and took several photographs before he saw us, and even then he seemed to hesitate as to whether he should charge us. Finally he moved away very slowly. Then we fished a few hours, landing thirty-five good-sized trout, and arrived at the club-house for a late supper.

I was rather pleased with Pete; so when I returned for the Fall hunting I hired him to go with the other guides. Soon I began to hear rumors about him. One guide insinuated that within a few days after my spring visit Pete had shot the moose which we had seen on the Touledi, had broken into our ice house,

and had there stored the moose meat, as well as other meat which he had acquired illegally in the same way. We found that the ice house locks had been pried off, but Pete lived in the immediate neighborhood, and we hesitated to have such an enemy, so we doubly bolted the ice house and dropped the matter.

Our party started out the very last of August, five hunters with five guides and five canoes. Later we separated, and Pete and I, with a friend who was enjoying his first hunt after big game, made a long carry from Eagle lake into the region of "Biencourt" lakes, over a trail which had not been used for years until I had blazed it out anew the fall before.

It took us a good half day to travel the four miles which separated our canoe landing from the little lakes, and it was a weary quartet which, on the evening of that day in early September, huddled around the very small camp fire which we dared to build, and crawled under the single blanket we had been able to carry over the portage.

Before turning in, Pete visited the shore of the first lake (for there are two lakes, a quarter of a mile apart) and called for moose.

We had heard some game in the bushes around the lake,—in fact we had seen two or three deer on the way over; and on the following morning we were on our way and eagerly anticipating the coming sport before it was light enough accurately to follow the trail. My friend was stationed at the spot from which the calls had been made, while I went with Pete to the second lake.

We had approached the lake very carefully, and were closely following some fresh tracks when we heard rifle shots from the first lake. Hastily returning we found that a large bull moose had come out on the upper shore of the lake, and after reconnoitering on the side opposite my friend, had started to swim across, only to meet his fate,—a victim to unerring shots directed at the exposed portions of his body while he was yet in the middle of the lake. I think my friend was a little afraid to wait until the moose got into close range, and on that account one prong of his antlers was shot away.

As we had no canoes to reach him we had to manufacture rafts. Trees were felled and withed together with bushes, and after con-

siderable exertion and delay the moose's head was raised onto the raft and he was towed ashore.

It was nearly noon before we were ready for the return portage, and the head furnished so much additional baggage that we were obliged to leave the blanket behind. Once started, the antlers hindered our progress; they seemed to catch in every branch and twig. Since that memorable trip I have wondered anew at the dexterity with which the live moose avoids the obstacles in his path, and the ease and stillness with which he traverses a country thick with undergrowth.

When we joined our friends on Eagle lake we found them much discouraged. One member of the party had come along solely for the fishing—though he had finally acceded to our demand that he at least have a shotgun with him,—and on the morning of our successful hunt he had made an unusually early start to fish a likely pool on the Eagle Branch, taking good care to put on his cartridge belt well loaded with different bird shot, and with a few patched balls for heavier game.

He had fished an hour or two, in a par-

ticularly deep pool of this river—so deep in fact that two poles lashed together and plunged down to its bottom would just reach the surface of the water,—and casting from under one bank had just hooked a trout near the opposite shore, when the guide called his attention to three deer watching him from a bend in the stream hardly thirty yards away. Of course his shotgun was out of reach (that is always so when the unexpected happens) and in crawling forward to reach it he upset the canoe. To give his own words, "The deer laughed and walked away—and I, weighted with lead, went down and down. When I came up, there was my guide sitting on the bottom of the upturned canoe inquiring whether I could swim—and every article in my kit except my rod was at the bottom of the river, and the fish was towing that upstream".

He brought the fish back to camp, and in the morning we organized a diving party and recovered nearly all of the upset articles. But he was ready to start for home, and as my successful hunter wished to ship the moose's head to be mounted, we made for the settle-

LOOKING FROM NOTRE DAME TOWARD "CLUB POINT"

ment at once. The head measured fifty-four inches, and in general appearance it was much above the average.

As for Pete, his success was the cause of his downfall: he became dissatisfied, and, as we subsequently found, dishonest. He neglected and finally refused to do his share of the work, and was discharged.

I was interested to inquire into the home life of these frontier settlers, of whom there were a few on the "club side" of Lake Temiscouata, and I found that each house was built with reference to its own surroundings, and entirely without reference to intercourse with the neighbors.

When I first called at Pete's home, which was one of the most pretentious in the settlement, it could be reached only by canoe or by an irregular trail through the woods. Later a road was decided upon, and according to the Quebec law each land-owner had to construct and fence so much of it as was laid out over his land. It was finished in two years.

Each family had a generous number of children, but for several years there was no

school. When the settlers decided that a school was advisable, it was forthwith established, and each paid a direct assessment to cover its cost, proportioned to the value of his land.

At first most of the houses were built of logs; but as soon as the highway and the school had come and there were neighboring lumber mills, boards and shingles began to be used. The roofs were similar in style to our "barn roofs", except that they flared out in a graceful curve at the base,—an attractive style peculiar to that country.

Almost all of the houses had a single room on the lower floor, with a large range in its centre, and on top of this an oven which also acted as a heater; and the chimney was so arranged that the stove-pipe (which usually also served as a chimney) would extend the full length of the living room and thus furnish additional heat. The sleeping rooms were often in the roof, and were reached by means of a step ladder and a trap-door; but more often one room served for all purposes. If there were two rooms on the lower floor, a portion of the partition was left out and the

range was placed between them so as to furnish heat for each. There was no scarcity of fuel.

About half of the houses had barns near by, where the horses, and usually swine (hardly deserving the name), were kept. I think there were two cows in the settlement, and one family kept poultry. Chickens or ducks sold for twenty-five cents a pair, and partridge could be bought at the same price or shot for nothing. There were plenty of them, and if you came across several in a tree, and shot the lower one you could get them all, for they would seldom fly.

In winter the men worked in the lumber camps. In the summer many worked in the lumber mills or on the drives and booms,some worked on the farms, and some acted as guides. Of an evening whole families would gather on some hillock overlooking the lake, or canoeing parties would be formed; and as they watched dusk creeping on, their songs would show that they were happy and contented.

Each Sunday was a real holiday. Every water-craft was pressed into service, and

long before the time for mass had arrived, boats of all sizes,—from the family "bateau" to the canoe "just large enough for two,"—would file past "club point", en route for the village of Notre Dame and the beautiful church I have already referred to, which stood like a sentinel guarding them all. Even "Vielle" would come from the Forks twenty-three miles away,—a sturdy man to whom paddling seemed merely recreation so swiftly would his canoe fly along. He was the "outpost,"—living twenty miles from his nearest neighbor. All the week he labored clearing his rich land, and raising the hay and grain which was to form the basis of a modest fortune, because of its demand among lumbermen who in the winter were glad to pay double its market value. I think it was no less the basis of his success that he persevered in his weekly trips to the settlement,—keeping himself and his family in touch with the world, and bringing back fresh supplies and additional home comforts. How else could he have learned of the telephone, and how to stretch a wire such a distance with his own hands.

Sunday was shopping day as well, and after mass groups would gather in the various stores, make their weekly purchases and engage in the gossip of the day. There would be friendly calls too, and it was well past the noon hour before the procession would form again, and the jolly, attractive "*voyageurs*" would return to their homes to take up again their weekly routine.

Of course I saw them only in the summer, and I have often wondered whether I should find the same happy expression on the faces of the women if I could look in upon them on some winter evening, when the men were away in the lumber camps and the temperature well below zero, and when the biting wind from the lake was sifting the snow through the cracks of the log-made homes.

Chapter IV

TOM

"Tom" (as I first knew him) was very different from the average resident of the little settlement at Notre Dame. The neighbors insisted that he had not an exact mental balance, and it is true that he differed from them in temperament, and in manner of living, for he was of Scotch descent, was a bachelor, and lived alone. Tom was honest and thrifty, and would have made money anywhere, for he was a natural trader. Although he had but a limited education and could write but little, he could speak English fluently.

Tom was a deliberative person, and had arrived at considerable proficiency in so much of moral philosophy as a clear-headed yet uneducated man can work out for himself. He had reasoned out the law of "highest success" to mean that in order to succeed most it is necessary to be most faithful, or, at least, to seem to be most faithful. Whatever consider-

TOM DISCOURSES ON THE VIRTUES OF "TEA"

ation he had given to religious matters did not lead him to think as his neighbors did; he seldom attended church, and his respect for the clergy was not a marked feature in his character.

When you were with Tom his constant care was to show you that his sole thought was for your welfare and enjoyment. He was a diplomat, and would readily convince you that the easiest route for him was the best one for you to take; yet it never seemed that it was his wish to avoid the difficulties of another route, and if you determined upon that other he would always undertake it with zeal.

The more I got acquainted with Tom, the better I liked him, and soon he became the most sought-for as well as the best-paid guide in the settlement. If there was a likely fishing place he would have knowledge as to the exact location and the best time to fish it; he knew when, whence and whither the trout migrated, where a moose was spending the summer and where he was likely to be found in the early Fall, and he handled his canoe so well that you could always, even in rapid water, cast your fly into the right spot at the

right time,—in fact if you should cast your fly in the most convenient place it is likely that it would be the best place, all planned out for you. Even his moose-calling and his cooking excelled, and if you heard one of the guides stepping lightly around the camp so as not to disturb your conversation or your slumber, or saw one carefully re-wiping every dish as it was placed for you, you didn't have to look to see who it was—it was Tom.

I have taken many trips with Tom, and have often met and passed the day with parties that were under his charge.

One Fall I was accompanied on one of these trips by a friend who is a banker and a fisherman of experience. We passed an uneventful day, on our way up the Touledi river and lakes, and camped for the night at the Forks. The weather was threatening and, as we took only one tent, the guides determined not to trust to their lean-to, but to pitch our tent on high land in the clearing, and to sleep themselves at Vielle's. After the tents had been pitched and doubly secured, and while the guides were preparing supper, I piloted my friend to a likely pool, where the "Eagle" brook empties

into the "Horton" brook or branch; and there, where a pirogue had been beached on the muddy bank with its bow well downstream, I sat and watched him cast his first fly in Canadian waters.

The time and weather conditions were perfect for the sport, and my friend had hardly bent his rod before what seemed to be a fairly large fish took the lure. It proved no easy task to land the fish, and as five and ten minutes passed, and the reel was still empty, it dawned upon us that the catch was larger than our anticipations. We weighed him after supper, and he tipped the scales at four pounds ten and a half ounces, a brook trout in fact as well as in name, deeply and beautifully speckled, and large enough to make the whole trip a success for my fisherman friend.

We turned in early, and soon the storm broke. A high wind followed the course of the river, and was especially severe in the exposed place where our tent had been injudiciously pitched. So that we passed a restless night in constant fear that our shelter would be carried away, and slept only when the wind and storm died away at the approach of dawn.

We had a late breakfast and a still later start, for my friend wished to fish his lucky pool again. We also fished further up the Horton and caught a few small ones,—more than the swollen condition of the brook would seem to warrant.

Our day's travel lay through the little Squattick, Spider and Sugar Loaf lakes, past the little island which lies in the shadow of Sugar Loaf mountain, and six miles beyond, up the Squattick river to a pool near the crooked rapids, where the cold spring which I have visited on other trips runs into the river. As we approached our landing place I held back my canoe while my friend made a few casts and landed two trout, one weighing under two pounds and one considerably larger. Our evening and morning fishing at this spot netted us thirty good-sized trout, evenly divided as to numbers between the two of us. Perhaps mine were the smaller, for my friend insisted that he fished only for the large ones: I didn't—I have never learned how to select them when they are both in the same pool.

When the night had come, I took Tom and

started upstream to call moose. It was early in the season, but there was no harm in trying and we might succeed if the moose was handy; anyway we could and did have a quiet trip and crawled into the tent very late without awakening our companions.

The next morning we amused ourselves with the moose birds. The ordinary hunter does not dislike these birds as the trapper does, and I must confess that if my food is well covered up, I like to see them around the camp. One of them lit upon a friend's shoulder on one of my trips.

On this morning our attention was diverted from the moose-birds to an extremely large fishhawk which was hovering over the stream in search of his breakfast. As he poised over the pool, ready for a plunge,—both wings distended,—I shot at him with my rifle and succeeded in breaking one wing. He led us a lively chase upstream before he was taken, and then we kept on as far as the "spawning beds" before lunching and returned to camp for the night. We saw several fresh signs of large game, but in the shallow and rocky stream our advance unavoidably was noisy,

and we had little hope of securing fresh meat under such conditions. At the spawning beds we saw a few male trout, preparing the beds, but the females had not arrived.

On the fourth morning we were packing and loading for our return trip, and the tent was half down, when we heard a commotion in the river, and looking up saw three caribou, —buck, doe, and fawn,—in full retreat. They had not heard us (because of the roar of the rapids) until, on their way upstream, they had stumbled into our dooryard. They were out of sight before I could reach my rifle.

On the way down we caught what fish we needed and then floated leisurely with the stream to Sugar Loaf lake and camped. I can imagine no more complete relaxation than such a trip affords.

Our last day's trip was one of twenty-five miles, all but two in dead water, so we resolved upon an early start. I always want to start early, but sleeping bags and rubber beds are so comfortable, and guides are often so willing to accommodate one's lazy inclinations, that I seldom get away as early as five o'clock. We did so this day, thanks to my friend, who is a

regular night-bird,—and to that fact is due one fortunate incident of the trip.

We had passed into Little Squattick lake at sunrise, and I was just getting ready for a shot at a red fox that was well out on a point of land, when I saw three deer on the opposite shore, basking and playing in the sun's first rays. I was in the lead, with an inexperienced guide, and Tom was some distance behind ; so I took matters in charge, and directed my canoe so that in approaching the game I would be directly in line between them and the sun, thus obscuring their vision as much as possible. Tom says I should have crawled up the shore on them, and thus got nearer, but that would have taken time and I got near enough to bring in the doe ; and a nice fat one she was—better venison I never ate. I would have preferred the larger of the bucks, for he had a good set of antlers, but when he scented danger he didn't wait to be assured of its nature, as the doe did, and I waited a little too long in my desire to line them up and get more than one at the first shot.

We landed at the club-house that afternoon, and for two days entertained my friend's wife

and daughter. Tom was "cook", "waiter", "guide" and "companion", and when the ladies, at parting, assured us that these last days of their trip were more enjoyable than those spent at mountain or shore resort, we voted Tom the lion's share of the praise.

One winter Tom was placed in charge of portions of the Canadian exhibit at the Sportsmen's show in Boston. Learning then that he had entered upon certain public lands and had built a camp near "Frazer Lakes", I arranged with him for what proved a successful hunt. Access to his camp was over a comfortable wood road, and the camp was found to be well chosen, in a birch grove, with water close at hand. It was far enough away and so hidden from the little lakes, that from them its presence could not be detected. We secured fish from Sunderland brook on the Touledi, and plenty of partridges at a distance from the haunts of the big game.

At another time I enjoyed, with Tom, the spring trolling on Lake Temiscouata, and some fly-fishing at the mouth of the brooks, catch-

ing ten trout in one day. Our party found that the best trolling was near the club-house where lake trout (called touledi in that region) were taken weighing as much as twenty-three pounds. Attempting to spend one night in the bush near Grand Bay, although we built a large smudge and were well protected otherwise, we were driven from our camp by the flies and forced to drift in the lake till near midnight.

Later in the same year, Tom and I joined my banker friend in a trip down the Madawaska, timing our journey to correspond with the expected run of the trout to their big spawning beds near the "Stock-Farm" at Otterburn.

On our way down we were unfortunate enough to pitch camp in a pasture which was afterwards discovered to be overrun with hungry hogs. My friend had persistently refused to learn even a word of French, but happening on this occasion to be left alone with one of the camp care-takers who spoke no English, he speedily rose to the occasion, and now has a vocabulary limited to three words,—"Chassez les cochons".

This year the fish were not timed correctly, and I could not wait for them to arrive. But my friend remained and established a new high brook-trout record for the club, his largest fish weighing more than six pounds, and the average of his total catch being slightly more than three and a half pounds.

The "Tom" of to-day is very different from the Tom I first knew; his mental arrangement is no longer regarded suspiciously by the neighbors, and his temperament does not materially differ from that of the other church-members. The change dates from the day when he ceased to be a lone-liver and a bachelor.

When I became acquainted with the people of Notre Dame, among the first I met was the energetic, capable, even fascinating widow who later became "Mrs. Tom". She was then regarded as the best cook in the village, and I always looked forward to a few meals at her cottage on my way to or from camp. She would combine odds and ends into a delicious menu, and was credited with having successfully served chicken-stew made from rabbit to a party of sportsmen who had specially

A BANKER'S SURPLUS

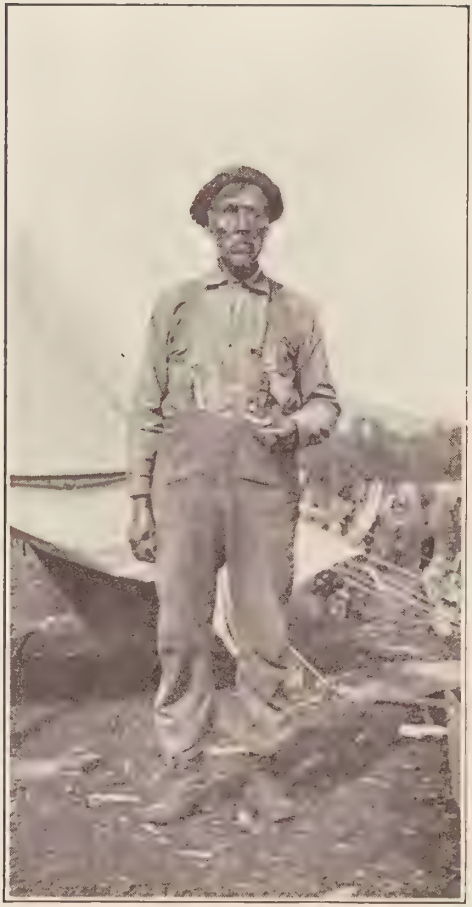
warned her of their distaste for the latter as an article of food. She was the widow of the only real "Parisian" who had ever settled in Notre Dame. On account of his cultured manner, and the display of wealth sufficient to establish an attractive home and apparent social eminence, the Parisian made short work of Tom, who was then an awkward country lad—a rough-cut diamond—without means or education.

Tom himself told me the rest of the story: he had always thought the Parisian undeserving, an upstart, a fop; he resolved to make himself more deserving, more powerful. His sturdy Scotch ancestry spoke within him; he began to feel his natural power, to watch, to work hard, and to save every penny, for something told him his time would come; he accumulated money—became a land owner—a householder—a landlord,—and then put money out to loan and in the bank. He watched his opportunities and improved them all.

In her hour of need the widow would not come to Tom for advice—she relied on her own poor judgment and upon her relatives whom she assisted—who became unfortunate

—and whose creditors finally sold her pretentious cottage home. Then Tom bought it, but he declined to disturb her, and more than all declined to press his suit, until she exercised the prerogative he had given her so long ago, and had many times since urged on her. At last sending for him, she confessed her appreciation, and how her indifference had turned to admiration and regard. Necessity is a stern teacher, but doubtless they never would have been to each other what they now are had the hardships which each suffered and surmounted been less severe.

Even now Tom has charge of our club-house, and whenever there are ladies in our parties we consider his services almost indispensable. I think he rather likes to be with us, for I have noticed that he is able, by using his lantern, to signal between "club point" and his own home two miles away ; and then quite often a passing canoe will stop to leave some message or some delicacy for him—the source of which we can only surmise.



NOEL

Chapter V

NOEL, THE INDIAN*

If you have come to believe that an Indian hunts and traps only when compelled by hunger or other necessity, or that he is dishonest, or that his highest idea in life is the acquisition of an over-adequate supply of "fire-water", you have never known my "Noel". Skilled in all arts of woodcraft, with the oft-described Indian cunning in the pursuit of game, with his broad shoulders and prodigious strength, Noel is a leader in a truly strenuous life. I do not mean that he is in the habit of wasting his strength,—hustling from one duty to another, and leaving each incomplete. I mean that he will put his shoulder to the wheel of every duty, and using sufficient effort for the end will unostentatiously, slowly and surely accomplish it. Though he was sixty years of age when I first knew him, I have never seen anyone who

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*Noel Bernard, at Edmundston, N. B.

could stoop over a river bank to his canoe lying below and swing it up and onto his shoulder with equal ease and grace.

Noel was going out with one party, and I was coming in with another when we struck a trade. We did not know exactly when or where we were to meet—it was simply agreed that he would join me wherever and as soon as he could. Five days later, at nine o'clock in the evening, and at a camp thirty miles from the settlement, he crawled unannounced into the guides' tent. He had paddled that thirty miles since noon, and I never knew how he picked out our camping place from others, for he said he made no stops or inquiries. We did not know he had arrived until he reported for duty on the following morning.

Our party remained at the camp by Sugar Loaf for several days before Noel and I separated from the others,—they to return home, and we to make my annual trip to the head of Big Squattick lake. We expected to get good fishing, and although it was early in September and the "open" season had just begun, I hoped at least to see fresh signs of

moose; so our method of life became at once strangely in contrast with that of the camp we had left. They had gone into the woods merely for an outing, and had failed to experience that grand and awful stillness which was to be the essence of our wilderness life. I heard the paddles strike against the sides of their departing canoes when they were fully a mile distant, but in such silence did we proceed along the dead water of the lake and river that we could hear only the ripples along the prow of the canoe, and now and then a drop of water from the paddle as Noel paused to listen.

While still in dead water and not more than a mile from the lake, we came across fresh signs of moose. We did not think it strange that the little bull had decided to turn away from the direction of our noisy camp. It seemed as though he had at first been attracted by the noise, and was then inclined to approach and investigate, but that shortly he had become satisfied and turned away, though evidently he had not been alarmed. We noticed where he had browsed first on one side of the stream and then on the other, and about a mile

further up the river we saw where he had doubled on his tracks, first going up stream and then coming down and turning into a neighboring thicket to rest.

Noel thought the moose would be carefully watching his back trail, so we disembarked and made a wide detour, returning to our canoe with the conviction that he was still inside. Then we approached the thicket very carefully, only to find that he had caught our scent and had disappeared, passing upstream along an old logging road.

When six or seven miles further along, we paused for lunch, the moose had passed there, along the same old road; and as his tracks were less fresh than before, it was evident that he had become alarmed, and that further trailing was probably useless. So after lunch I paused to get fish for supper; and caught eight trout, the largest weighing three pounds. I stopped at the end of a half-hour because we could not use more, and I never allow myself to take so many that there will be waste.

We proceeded leisurely to the big lake, and camped on a pebbly beach to the right of the outlet,—an ideal spot. We took special care

to make a comfortable camp, and before supper I prepared my largest trout for mounting. In the evening we floated quietly around the foot of the lake, calling and listening,—and hearing some game in the bushes. So infatuated was I with the beauties of the lake and of the starlit night, that I returned to camp reluctantly,—yielding to the demands of my body for sleep.

The next morning we were astir by four o'clock, and as Noel wished to do a quick "turn" alone, I offered to prepare the breakfast. When he came back announcing the absence of encouraging game signs, and advising that we should leave our comfortable camp, we were not long in getting under way for the head of the lake ; and as there was a heavy and favoring wind we completed the trip of nine miles, and made camp, before eating our midday meal. Then we added a few luxuries to the camp equipment—a slab table, bench, etc.,—and getting everything ready for the night, set out to explore the head of the lake and the inlet stream.

In the inlet there are two islands, one upstream from the other. A little further up

the river widens out into large pools, so shallow that they are hardly different from marshes, with lily-pads in the deeper portions and grasses around the edges. The largest of these pools, or bogans,—the one nearest the lake,—is fully a mile in circumference and is called Grand bogan. Three or four miles upstream the river becomes narrow and the country hilly, and at that time we found a jam of logs there which made further navigation impossible.

The freshest signs of game were in Grand bogan at the end nearest the two islands; so Noel planned to get a moose onto one of these islands, judging that as they were low and treeless I would thus have a fair shot. After dark we called, first from one channel and then from the other. About nine o'clock we heard an answer, and soon the moose approached the bank and was heard in the bordering bushes. Then we called from the further channel, doing our best to show him that the island held "attractions", but the season was not far enough advanced to make him reckless, and the night was so inky-black that we could not locate him in the bushes.

Our trip back to camp that night will always cling to my memory. The river was crooked, the night was so dark that the prow of the canoe could not be seen from the stern, and the sky (starry at first) soon became overcast, —the omen of an approaching storm. So quietly did we proceed that the mink and the musk-rats, which abounded in this region, would not detect our presence till we glided past; and then the apparition would cause them to plunge under water so suddenly, and so unexpectedly to us, that we would momentarily fancy ourselves in some imminent peril.

Next day was stormy,—a hard rain in the morning and a foggy drizzle after dinner. I believe that Noel was more disappointed than I that the weather made hunting impossible on this last day that I could remain in camp. I replenished the camp supply of trout, catching enough within twenty minutes. None weighed less than a pound. Then I packed for the return trip, so as to leave a few hours for a morning "turn" around the bogans.

Something caused me to wake up that morning at three o'clock, and I found myself alone,— Noel gone, the canoe gone, and the rising

moon just peeping into the tent door. I didn't know what to make of Noel's absence: I had studied the man—had confidence in him ; but why he should be away during the night, alone, without firearms or equipment, I didn't understand, not till I thought of his indomitable perseverance, and then I knew. He had seen that I slept, and then he had gone out to his drifting vigil among the lily-pads. When he came paddling to the landing just before daybreak I uttered no word of inquiry or criticism. He was silent, but I knew from his manner that we would not return to the bogans, and that my hunting was at an end.

I had insisted on spending the last night at my favorite Squattick river fishing grounds. When we arrived there, at two o'clock, I fished for an hour "to try them out", and the "try-out" was so satisfactory that we slighted the camp-making and fished for two hours more before dark. In these three hours on the eighteenth day of September I landed forty brook trout, the largest weighing three and five-eighths pounds, and then—after a light supper—I was ready for bed.

Our last day was cold for September. The

ice on the water pail was a quarter of an inch thick. We breakfasted at five o'clock, and were loaded at a quarter before six. We had forty miles to go, so there was no time to waste; but I could not leave the pool without a cast, and when I started I must have half an hour, and then there was a fish "on", so we stretched the fishing time to thirty-five minutes; during which time I landed six fish. One weighed three pounds, two weighed two and a half pounds each, and one weighed two pounds. In fact I had a fish on all the time, and once a double, it being necessary to break off the smaller fish.

As I fished the ice formed on the eyelets of my rod, and on our trip out the prow of the canoe was ice-bound for two hours. It was the first severe frost, and the atmosphere was filled with the fragrance from the ferns which lined the river banks. Their season as well as mine was at an end.

We flew down stream as fast as two paddles could carry us, and paddled the first eight miles in two hours. We covered the entire forty miles in nine hours—actual traveling time,—our rest for lunch making the total

elapsed time, from camp to club, ten hours and a half.

About one mile northwesterly by the compass from the middle of the upper Touledi lake, lies a shallow pond composed mostly of surface water. It is shaped like a horse-shoe, and is nearly three miles long, although at places it is scarcely a hundred yards in width. Though much higher than the Touledi lakes, this pond is still surrounded by hills, and a hill of considerable elevation (which is part of a chain adjoining it on the west) forms the center of the "horse-shoe". The outlet stream, lying over beyond the center hill, forms a beautiful water-fall at the heel of the "shoe".

Early one Fall, accompanied by a prominent business man, I went with Noel to this shallow pond. At first we reconnoitred from the Touledi, taking only our blankets and sufficient food for one day. Then we sent the guides back for a canoe and for more provisions, and as they were obliged to cut out the trail we spent the night alone.

Both my friend and I are endowed with the Yankee love of adventure ; so after preparing

the boughs for our beds, and joining our rubber blankets into a sort of fly-tent, we began to look around for trouble,—which immediately presented itself in the form of an old raft. The logs composing the raft were so water-soaked, and so poorly joined together that we speedily found it would not support both of us; but my friend, who was not of heavy build, thought he could at least use it as a sort of wharf from which he would have a better view of the lake, and perhaps get some fish for supper. So he tried it alone—and it slowly sank with him to the bottom of the lake.

Our camp was on moist, peaty ground, and after we had turned in and the campfire had burned low, I noticed light seemingly reflected from little eyes of fire in the ground. I awoke my companion and we found that there were myriads of points of light emanating from the entire surface of the ground—apparently from decaying wood and roots, and phosphorescent in its nature. We gathered a few pieces and they retained their luminous character for several days.

When our canoe arrived, in the morning, we went along the lake, finding an abundance

of blueberries on the north side and many raspberries on the south side. To the east there was a shallow brook, and everywhere were signs of game,— the lily-pads cleanly eaten, as if by moose, bear signs in the berry patches, and signs of moose and caribou along the shores, but none of these signs was fresh.

The next day we went to the outlet, a beautiful spot, where we found a small raft, and later in the day we came across a Montreal newspaper which was less than a week old,— and so we knew that a solitary hunter had visited this unfrequented spot, and frightened away the game. The pond is not generally known to the local guides, and we saw only duck and partridge where we had hoped to find big game in plenty, but when we were returning to the Touledi we came across a cow moose which evidently appreciated the luxury that our new trail had added to her wilderness life.

Lac d'Outres, otherwise called "Horton Lake", lying fifteen miles northerly of the "Forks", is a crystal gem in a setting of ever green mountains. Previous to the advent of

the lumberman, access was had by an old Indian trail which was part of the cross-country path to the coast settlements. After the jam had been cut through, access by canoe was possible during a limited part of each year,—whenever the outlet stream was at flood. One recent Autumn the waters were very high, and Noel judged that the trip was then possible. I had not planned for it, and my provisions were low, but I succeeded in getting an added supply of bread and pork at the Forks, and counting on a few fish to keep the wolf from the door, we made the effort. Our outfit and provisions loaded the canoe so deep that we were obliged to lift it over the shallow places, and to meander over the rocky channel so carefully that we made only ten miles during the first day. At noon of the second day we made a short carry and reached the dead water of the outlet stream, at a point half a mile below the lake itself.

Here we found shelter in a logging depot, and Noel spent the rest of the day repairing his canoe, which had had hard usage and was leaking badly.

The next day we made the circuit of the

lake, and took lunch in one of the beautiful groves along its shores. I expect never again to see such beautiful virgin forest, for Noel said it would probably be cut during the following winter. It rained during the rest of my stay, and we did not leave camp till the middle of the afternoon, when it became advisable to catch a few trout for supper. The weather was just clearing. The sky was bright, and water was noisily dripping from the bushes into the stream.

While we were proceeding in the ordinary way I was warned by a slight crackling in the bushes, and spoke to Noel about it; but he had become slightly hard of hearing, and, paying no attention to my gestures, which were designed to indicate that I desired to get my rifle, he continued to paddle ahead until at a turn in the stream we came suddenly upon a small black bear, which (not over sixty feet away) was standing on its hind legs, stretching vigorously along the trunk of a tree. My rifle was well forward, and the bear heard my motion to reach it—his enormous ears became erect as he turned to examine us, and he made off into the bushes before I

could prepare to shoot. I fished one hour after that, and caught twenty-six trout, none weighing less than a pound. But never since have I placed my rifle out of reach in the bow of a canoe,—and never since have I seen a bear in the Canadian woods.

Noel was a pure-blooded Marisite. He assured me that, before the white man came, his tribe of Indians was quite distinct from the powerful and warlike nations which surrounded it; that his ancestors were a part of the St. John Indians; that they inhabited the upper St. John territory, lived in small communities along the shores of river and lake, and were at peace with all their neighbors. He declared that the Mohawks were their enemies, and that the latter made frequent incursions into the country of his tribe, putting them to flight and burning their villages; that on these occasions resistance seldom was offered because the Marisites were not warriors; that his people would take refuge in the hills with their families, and would return to their abodes when the invasion had come to an end.

On one of these raids the Mohawks descended on the Marisites by way of the St. Lawrence river and Lake Temiscouata. On the lake they built two very large pine war-canoes, each capable of holding thirty warriors, and at Edmundston, then called Little Falls, they came so suddenly upon the Marisites that they captured two squaws who were somewhat infirm, and took them along, in their search for further plunder and conquest in the valley below.

It seems that these Mohawk warriors were young men who were not familiar with the river, and were ignorant of the dangerous "Big Falls" (now called Grand Falls) situated twenty miles or so below. So they feasted and slept, and lashing their canoes together allowed them to drift with the stream, in the charge of a few warriors who acted under the pilotage of the captured squaws,—until it was too late to avert disaster. Then suddenly the squaws threw themselves from the canoes into a favoring eddy, and the warriors were dashed to pieces on the rocks below the Falls.

One day when we were in Grand bogan, and I was expressing wonderment at the large

lily-pads it contained, Noel told me that the whole world was once covered with water, and that the land was built up out of the water by the musk-rats. I pretended to think this reasonable, and told him that some white men had advanced the theory that certain islands in the ocean had been built from the bottom of the sea by the coral insects. He opined that that could not have been so—that the land must have been first built from the shallow places, and said his grandfather had told him how it was done: One day a large musk-rat happened to find a very large and very rigid lily-pad, so large that it easily supported him, and so rigid that he had much difficulty in pressing the edges down so that he could climb upon it; with the idea of making his ascent easier, the musk-rat began to pile mud upon its edges; then he called for assistance from his neighbors, and they all fell to work piling on more and more mud, with the result that after years of labor the land was made.

I complimented Noel's theory, but suggested that this did not account for the mountains. To which he replied that his grandfather did not tell him about *all* the mountains, that his

grandfather probably knew, and he (Noel) might have forgotten—but he remembered what his grandfather said about the big mountain on Lake Temiscouata; that there were once two very large beavers who lived at the mouth of the St. John river, and that their dam had caused some very peculiar falls there; that these beavers were father and son, and for many years worked together in the big pool back of the falls, defying all efforts of the Indians to capture them, and protecting their dam with much effort from the waters of the ocean ; that at length the Indians captured the father, and the young beaver escaped and came to live at Lake Temiscouata. Noel added that in the course of time the waters of the ocean carried away a portion of the beaver dam at the St. John river outlet,—but that his grandfather had at low water seen portions of the dam, and that his grandfather's father had seen the son of the big beaver, at work finishing the mountain which he had made as his new home.

I think Noel believed his explanation to be satisfactory ; for he watched me, and turned away satisfied. I was thinking of the point of

land which jutted out half way between the mountain of which he was speaking and the mouth of the Touledi. With the foot-hills of which it forms a part this point is the likeness of a huge beaver with its head half submerged in the big lake ; moreover it is called "Pointe aux castors"—as I happened to know because I then owned it,—and I was wondering whether, many generations ago, the story of the big beaver did not originate from the peculiar shape of that "Beaver point", which has always been a sleeping sentinel at the foot of the big mountain.

Noel was not a communicative person, and it was not until the day when we were camped at the outlet of Horton lake (on my last trip with him) that he referred again to his Indian mythology. It was a damp and dreary day, and I sat on a stump watching him at work with rosin, repairing a break in the canvas of his canoe, and also watching a squirrel which was unusually busy in the branches of a tree near by. "It's a little one; isn't it?" said I. "Yes", said Noel, "they grow smaller" "every year. My grandfather could remem-" "ber when they were as large as beavers; and"

"when my people lived here alone, squirrels"
"were sometimes as large as men, and were"
"kings over the other animals—executing"
"upon them the commands of the hunting"
"god." I told him that I remembered the story, but had always wondered why the squirrels were selected as agents of the god. "Because," said he, "they were very active"
"and could travel quickly through the bush,"
"and could carry orders to the birds in the"
"trees as well as to the beasts in the thicket."
I told him that I thought that was a good reason, but that I wondered why they have now become so small. "Oh", said he, "when the"
"god disappeared and their size was no"
"longer of advantage in their work, they"
"began to live entirely in the trees, because it"
"was only there that they could escape from"
"the bigger animals which bore them a"
"certain resentment because of their former"
"power. They have become so small because"
"they run away from the other animals, and"
"will not fight".

When asked more about this "hunting god", Noel told me that the loon was the hunting companion of the god, and that even now the

loon lives aloof from the other birds and constantly bemoans the loss of his companion and looks for his return.

I was camping one beautiful evening on the shore of one of the larger lakes. It was quite calm, yet the rays of the moon, shining on scurrying clouds, cast an ever varying light on the lake below. From a cove at the head of the lake a loon was calling, and from the foot of the lake another loon was answering. Noel and I were sitting on the shore, and as the familiar cry was repeated, "Where-are-you"—"Oh-ho-oho"—"Where-are-you", "Where-are-you", Noel said, "The loons are pretty uneasy, I think" "they are expecting him back to-night".

Dear old Noel, honest, temperate, staunch, and true,—when you shall have been called to your Happy Hunting Ground, no God whom you shall meet will fail to compensate you for the privations you have suffered and the temptations you have resisted. Methinks that even now you have a full reward at the hands of the many sportsmen,—your friends,—in whose lives the influences of your truly simple life are ever present.